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AGRICULTURE and COMMERCE,

A

DIALOGUE.

Written in AUTUMN 1764.



L O N D O N,

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the STRAND.

MDCCLXV.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE,

DIALOGUE

Written in Autumn 1764.



By J. W. D. O. M.
The Author of "The History of the British Museum."

Printed by J. D. Smith, in the Strand.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO
The SOCIETY of ARTS.

Our LORDS and SIRs,

WE have the honour to acquaint you, that,
under God and the King, we look upon
ourselves as two of the most respectable Per-
sonages in this Realm. We understand, you
be well-intentioned towards us. Hoping, you
will always mingle kindness with discretion,
we remain,

Our LORDS and SIRs,

Your's,

GEORGE ANDREW PATRICK AGRICULTURE.

JOHN COMMERCE.

P R O Æ M E.

OF late upon the banks of Thames
there met two Brothers bold:
In order we relate their names,
and next their talk unfold.

The first a jovial lusty lad,
fir Agriculture hight:
In homespun vesture was y-clad
this wondrous-worthy knight.

His giant limbs and bloomy face
said, all was well at home:
The happy swain, had a good lease
to last untill his doom!

The other was a traveller far,
fir Commerce rich and wise:
His looks confest the jolly tar
in citizen disguise.

Broad shoulder'd and in finest trim;
yet somehow seem'd this other
Just not so sound in wind and limb,
as was the elder Brother.

A G R I-

AGRICULTURE. COMMERCE.

A. **N**OW listen to me, naughty lad;
You see, what weather we have had.
Your crooked ways and contraband
Draw down these judgments on the land.
I simple clown ne'er gave offence,
Who lead the life of innocence.
These watery winters, watery summers,
All for the fins of brother Commerce.

C. From you my senior this is pleasant.
When was sir reynard styled a peasant? 10
A wart is not the hand or nose;
The thorn is not the blushing rose;
Nor is the smuggler more to me,
Than the vale's poisonous herb to thee.

A. But then, you're such an impious elf,
You sell your very soul for pelf.
With Antichrist you are in love:
The Turk and you are hand and glove.
With cruel Planters void of grace
You bargain for the human race. 20

B

With

With Pagan tribes of all complexions
You live in scandalous connections.

And, worse and worse, when at Japan,
Renounce your being a Christian man.

G. Brother, be cool ; let reason guide ;
Think, each man hath his weaker side.

You would not grant the Limner true,
Should draw your nakedness, for you.
And where would lie the fair discretion,
To quote the whole in your vocation ?

Your fields with filth bespatter'd o'er ?
The dregs of every noisome shore
Sublim'd, by bright Apollo's ray,
To roots, corn, grafs, and fragrant hay ?

Now to your charge, by which I find,
You think me popishly inclined.

Must I, whose range is every region,
Go, meddle with the Pope's religion ?
His Holiness may name his dish ;
While he keeps Lent, I'll find the fish ;

Your wheat heretical his bread ;
He pays his bill ; he shall be fed.

With the great Soldan and his minions,
I quarrel not about opinions
I think my thoughts ; I raise no dust ;
Enough to me, the men are just.

For torrid Lybia's jetty sons
I barter trinkets, clouts, and guns.

The

The fellows, wenches, picaninnies
Were slaves; then tell me, where the sin is. 50
From rack and murder some are fav'd,
And, at the worst, the slave enslav'd.
If cruel owners void of grace,
Tormentors of the human race,
The downward road to hell incline,
That's their look-out, and none of mine.

Not over scrupulous at complexion,
With heathen men I hold connection;
Commercial faith my greatest care.
You needs must own, all this is fair. 60

Your final thrust about Japan
Mynheer may parry, as he can.

A. O, could my brother plead his cause!
He never founds his own applause.
No fault of his, that every creature
Forfakes the path of simple nature.
To bring us home the turtle feast,
He sends three thousand miles at least,
How many thousand leagues of sea
Are travers'd for his vapourish tea? 70
He proves it clear to every varlet,
That ruffet's not so warm as scarlet.

C. Go, kill your horses, burn the plow;
Revert into your quondam you.

Go,

Go, starve on philosophic plan,
 With Rousseau in the Valaisan.
 Go, crack your nuts, on turnep dine;
 And let your drink be Adam's wine.
 If still you think it not enough,
 Tear off your cloaths, and live in buff;
 With knotty beard, nails grown to claws,
 A bear upon his hinder paws:
 I'll frank you to the western shore,
 To the Yahoos of Labrador.

A. Fye, brother, you are too severe;
 I love my pudding, beef, and beer;
 I love the charities of life,
 The prattling rogues, the chearful wife;
 And decent cleanliness I love—
 'Tis luxury, I disapprove.

C. What would have made his share of ale
 A prudent Lord puts up to sale.
 In fair exchange I give my wine,
 His high conceptions to refine.
 No more luxurious is the Peer,
 Than meaner mortals guzzling beer.
 The surplus of his woolly store
 I waft to many a distant shore.
 Caciques and Rajahs proudly stand,
 Drest in broad cloth of Old Inglande.

In

In just return, my Lord is blest
 With treasures of the east and west.
 I give him elegance to wealth;
 I give him poignancy to health;
 I lift the man above the brute.
 But this perhaps you will dispute.

A. For my superfluous grain and wool
 I give you the discharge in full.
 With all due gratitude confess,
 You help me sometimes in distress.
 Yet still I deem, the courtly fair
 In jewels, lace, and foreign wear,
 Be not so blithesome, fresh and clean,
 As maids in grogram on the green:
 Nor that our filken petits maîtres,
 With all their artificial features,
 Could push the pike, the gauntlet wield,
 Like iron men on Cressy's field.

C. Against such rusticated strains
 Bear witness Minden, Abram plains!
 Are men less strong, the better bred?
 Less brave, the better lodg'd and fed?
 With John of Gaunt, if John were here,
 Would Granby shun to break a spear?

We lately saw our banners fly
 In every quarter of the sky;
 The family compact blown to smoke
 By British, Irish *Hearts of Oak*;

Our arms victorious wide and far,
I found the sinews for the war. 130

A. Your war, you mean; it was not mine;
I dealt not with the Bourbon line.
Had Monsieur broke into my fold?
The Don purloin'd my goods or gold?
Your restless temper, secret sins,
Your cod-fish, and your badgen skins,
Your western undefined frontiers,
Brought an old house about my ears.
Go, fight, said you, we must have wars.
We fought beneath propitious stars. 140
You still exclaim'd, we must fight on;
Till peace was given us from the Throne.
Then first you bawl in clamorous fret,
" Good Lord, we're over ears in debt."

C. Once more my Brother is unkind,
Forgets, our interests are combined.
Am I in health? th' effects are seen;
Your fields rejoice in deeper green.
Am I in cash? my certain gains
Are felt thro' your remotest veins. 150
Your tenants break by cards and dice.
I find new tenants in a trice.
Whose is that box with groves so sweet?
A merchant's in Threadneedle-street.
Who owns that park and handsome wall?
The man came lately from Bengal.

What

What saved his grace's house and land?
My lady dutchess from the Strand.

To millions of your vagrant boys
I give industrious snug employs;
Changed by my civilizing plans
To rich, inventive artisans.
The rising footpads and collectors
Acquiring plums grow grave directors;
Or with more daring skill they sweep
The face of the tremendous deep;
Or fixt in habitations new,
They feed themselves, and fatten you.

Our learn'd physicians are agreed,
That sometimes it is fit to bleed.
State doctors wisely judge, the same
The politic and corporal frame;
For inward ails, external tumours,
Let out both blood and peccant humours.

Since men must fight, in course of things,
Thro' private rage, or rage of kings;
The matter is, to point the blow,
From home against a foreign foe.
Better, than fight with one another;
More safe, than brother mangling brother.

'Tis thus, the warrior learns his trade,
And breeds young brothers of the blade,
Inured to powder and alarms,
Our future thunderbolts in arms.

Ah, Ah,

A. Ah, glosing Brother, you mistake it;
 War is unjust, which way you make it.
 White, black, or yellow, man is man,
 Eastward from Chili to Japan.

Yet grant the best, you can suppose,
 The distant, not domestic foes. 190
 By valiant deeds one gains a name,
 For lying gazettes to defame.
 Another plumed with trophies bright
 Shines, like the moon by borrowed light.
 The bouncing bravo much respected,
 While worth and valour lie neglected.
 You wheel, and skulk behind the rear
 Your friends will serve you; never fear.
 Go, storm a breach; if you survive,
 Half-pay's your comfort, while alive: 200
 Mayhap the country muses carrol
 The beggar groaning under laurel.

C. My brother, let me be forgiven,
 The ball terraqueous is not heaven.
 The coward lives, the hero fell,
 Dame Truth lurks deep within her well.
 He must have eyes, he must have taste,
 Can tell the diamond from the paste.
 Long, since Astræa ceas'd to reign,
 All pleasure must be dash'd with pain. 210
 Of wisdom, folly, right and wrong,
 The medley current glides along.

Dull

Dull torpid quiet tires the mind,
 Even grief partakes of joy refin'd.
 Accomplish'd Howe untimely slain,
 Wolfe stretch'd all glorious on the plain,
 Exalt the soul to generous woe,
 And bid the virtues keener glow.
 Born under western purer skies,
 Some deep-mouth'd Homer shall arise, 220
 To sound the loud undying strain.

A. The pedant critics in his train.

Your string of morals like yourself
 Amounts to this, ' may I have pelf.'
 'Twixt mortal men tho' small the odds,
 Your heroes must be demigods.

Prone to all changes, now you frolick,
 Anon revolt to melancholick.
 One day you smile with strange grimace,
 The next put on your fighting face. 230
 There needs but, to enrage your blood,
 A peck of salt, a stick of wood.
 Of craving stomach, ravenous eyes,
 You wax beyond your former size.
 Like a swol'n man hydropical,
 You'll burst, and into pieces fall.

C. Of all these problems the solution
 Is taken from my constitution
 In city bred, and fouler air,
 The life I live is full of care. 240

D

And

And yet, in proper time and place,
 You must confess, I keep the peace;
 As erst you saw, I made a shift,
 To help our Statesmen at a lift:
 With dextrous art I rung the changes;
 On words imported from the Ganges;
 The patriots preach'd, that all was lost,
 For they themselves rul'd not the roast;
 I hollowed in the people's ears
 Nabobs and phirmands and jagheers. 250

The privilege, the dreadful Scot,
 The cyder act, and Wilkes forgot:
 Minor and Major far withdrawn,
 Absorb'd in Jaffair Ali Cawn.

A. Since words are made of fluid air,
 Your arms indeed were light and rare;
 Fit emblems of the thing exprest,
 A trade of trifles at the best;
 Of festering cotton, glittering pebbles,
 Barbarian weeds for food to fribbles; 260
 Of trinkum trankums, needless spices,
 Diseases, and extraneous vices.

C. In antiquated mood once more
 You hanker after days of yore.
 Yet men are as their grandfires strong,
 And fight as well, and live as long;
 Less brutal, and not quite so vain;
 More wide they range the stormy main.

O luxury!

(II)

O luxury! O real want!
Terms of caprice, and words of cant. 270
Vague, varying still with man and time,
And changing names from clime to clime.

Who's most luxurious? . . . let me see . . .
A cobbler sick of callipee.
O no . . . he's deeper in the sin,
The noble duke dead drunk with gin.

Lapponian, say the needful food?
The bark of pine, and rein deer's blood.
Inhabitant about Havanna?
Snow-melon, tamarind, anana. 280
Thou man far westward of Ohio?
* Algarrobbhal and pitahaya.
Thou savage north of Labrador?
Fish-blubber, flinking, on the shore.

They taste the beverage made here . . .
All, all of us need English beer.
The friend of arts, fair freedom's child,
I give the nations manners mild.
Even gewgaw traffic serves to bind
In social chains the human kind. 290

What ails Madam? She cannot tell.
More china ware would make her well.
Much better, brought on bottoms mine,
Than Dutch, Venetian, Florentine.

• Frugiferous trees.

My

My rural Brother won't refuse,
 Sometimes I bring him things of use:
 The Persian colt, with limbs so clean,
 Foal'd on the Tucker of the Queen;
 The gentle, long-lived Arab steed;
 To mend his heavy draught horse breed;
 And guard his pullen, and his flocks,
 From the fly, prowling, traitor fox.

A. Now you proceed to worse from bad.
 Heaven send, my Brother be not mad!
 A man, tho' but a middling shot,
 Could slay three reynards for a goat.
 But rustics catch the modish tone;
 Great is the charge for little done.
 For, what on horns and whips and spurs,
 On pamper'd palfreys, yelping curs;
 On trodden grain, on tear and wear,
 Of collar bones, and saddler gear;
 Affrighted sheep, and broken fences;
 With nameless other vain expences;
 And half the county deafen'd round;
 To kill one fox costs many a pound.

C. Yet by this simple waste of wealth,
 Our youths get limbs, and rosy health;
 Return'd from killing of the thief,
 They swill your ale, devour your beef;
 And wake next morning fitter far
 For arts of peace, or arts of war:

Kept

Kept thus from dwindling down to fots,
 From plaguing priests, and hatching plots :
 Diverted, by such humble slaughters,
 From running down your wives and daughters.

A. Here, Brother, let us make a truce :
 The chace hath it's preventive use.
 Tho' bred upon the thrifty plan,
 I am no churlish husbandman. 330

Look thro' the smoke on yonder town
 So huddled, swarming, overgrown ;
 And think, what havock is made there
 By rotten steams, and poisonous air,
 By casualties, unwholesome diet,
 Intemperance, and nocturnal riot.
 While, to recruit th' incessant loss,
 Lest grass should grow by Charing Crosse,
 My ruddy sons and daughters fair
 March, in ten thousands by the year. 340

C. The court and ministers of state
 Have got to windward of my seat.
 Where'er the court, the court will draw
 The church, sword, physick, and the law.
 They still keep building to the west . . .
 O Bristol ! hail the coming guest,

In alleys join'd to dirty lanes
 Laid out by Saxons, Jutes, and Danes,
 From courtly fumes, at every breath,
 My sons inhale the seeds of death. 350

E

The

The fire of London, reckoning fairly,
 Came a full century too early :
 Tho' partial, out of season much
 To folks at tilts with French and Dutch.
 Then you and I were smaller men,
 Else streets had been as broad agen ;
 And church St. Paul's with lofty dome
 Had had three times more elbow room ;
 Stopt by no rights, no jutting wall,
 No snuffman's shop, nor cobbler's stall. 360

But now, since engines learnt to play,
 The flame can never have it's way.

Wise providence may do the deed,
 And help us in the time of need ;
 Send, to renew my habitation,
 Earthquake, and storm, and conflagration.

A. Lo, heaven and earth, and wind and fire,
 Must execute your purpose dire.
 Why not conjoin, by magic spell,
 War, famine, plague, and powers of hell? 370

O Commerce, Commerce, how you show
 The wildfire head, and heart of snow !
 Your faith and morals just the same ;
 Devouring mischief is your game.
 You rave, you swagger, laugh, and frown,
 As if the globe was all your own.
 Yet hearken, and believe it true,
 Some folks there are, as good as you.

By

By Macedonian clowns robust
 The trading Tyre was laid in dust ; 380
 Commercial Carthage, purse-proud town,
 By rustic Romans overthrown ;
 And landed Louis aim'd a blow,
 Well nigh laid Hogen Mogen low.

C. In right of senior, you proceed
 To blame my practice and my creed ;
 Yet kindly ballance all my crimes
 By peasant pranks of former times.

How can you triumph thus, in ire,
 O'er your old friend Phenician Tyre ? 390
 To her the Cornish tin was sold,
 For ivory, purple, pearl, and gold.
 She roaming the cerulean fluid
 Convey'd the legislator Druid
 With eastern sages in alliance,
 Deep vers'd in mason words of science.

You think me vain and fond of praise :
 I'm vain, I live in polish'd days.
 Not but the world had brighter stages,
 It's silver, and it's golden ages. 400
 I'm proud to see our navies ride
 Triumphant the fermenting tide.
 Let Roman, Punic fleets combine
 Send Hawke with twenty of the line :
 He'd ask, for finishing the fray,
 The twilight of a winter day.

To

To him triremes and quinqueremes
No more than cock-boats of the Thames.

On 'Change, now wealthier than of yore,
I do some business by the hour : 410
Transact thrice Poniatowski's Crown,
Raise Europe's pulse, or let it down.
Proud of your cultured fruitful vales
Perfum'd by zephyr's mildest gales :
Proud of the treasures which I bring :
Proud, very proud of George the King.

A. Sir Commerce, you are ne'er at ease,
But always kicking up a breeze ;
Still happier as the tempests thicken,
A downright mother Cary's chicken. 420

Learn in your quarters to be quiet ;
Refrain from idle party riot ;
Sit down contented to your meat ;
Nor like the tyger grumbling eat.

To me contentment is the thing :
And well I love our Briton King. 426

F I N I S.

